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THE CARMELITE

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Lincoln Steffens

HIS COLUMN

You know, don't you, Mr. Mayor, that a private little fire in Carmel might with a little wind become a forest fire. And the surf on our shores is cold, too cold to stand in very long.

¶

It rained; hard; for five minutes; and not only drops of water. It rained smiles all over everything and everybody. Even the sun shone the next morning; and men. Stanley Wood, for example, stood down in the moist radiance, and smiled. "This is the kind of a day when I'd like to go fishing some place where there are no fish."

¶

Carmel is the kind of place where people drop things like that; and this: "If it were not for my conscience—" The innocent old lady halted there as if to summon all her courage and honesty, then she broke into the finish—"I could be happy." And there was a meeting on County Government: what to do about it; whether to keep it as it is, change it or abolish it. The general agreement seemed to be that if they, the people, would do their duty, elect good supervisors and watch them all the time, the County government might be all right. The uniquity of Carmel is that the extraordinary people here can't think without an if and they can think anything they please with an if. Prohibit that one little word and— But you could enforce the law only if the people would obey it.

¶

Carmel is a place where the people have no brains. Brains are materialistic and physical. We have minds and some of us are rather ashamed of our minds. We prefer souls. That secret humorist Orage, with his serious public countenance, told us all that some of us might, by work, regular, hard, constant work, aspire to and perhaps achieve souls. So some of us have been meeting regularly on the job. I have not met with this set. My proposition is that there are no souls in Carmel—yet. And my syllogism is that if—you catch the word——if anybody in the community had a soul, I would have it. I have none. Therefore nobody in Carmel has a soul. But logic is vain; it convinces no—nobody, not a soul.

——————*continued on page four*

Carmel Stages a Rousing Roselli Rally

Last night's session of the City Council resolved itself into a testimonial meeting with John Roselli, Esquire, on the receiving end of a procession of verbal and written compliments. Roselli is known, or should be known, to every Carmel householder; he is the garbage man; has been for the past six years and will continue for at least another year.

Impending expiration of the contract and a competitive offer received last week brought about the discussion. Heretofore the city has received three hundred fifty dollars per annum for the franchise; has paid out four hundred twenty dollars annually as rental of the disposal grounds at Seaside. George Chaney last week raised the bid to an average of four hundred seventy-five dollars on a four year contract; other offers received last night quoted still higher premiums—five hundred twenty-five dollars and one at seven hundred dollars a year. Roselli had no written offer before the Council but a petition asking for his retention bore close to three hundred signatures.

The question apparently accounted for the packed house, with Roselli supporters clearly in the majority. Several speakers—Paul Flanders, Ray De Yoe, Mrs. Eleanor Yates, George L. Wood, Stephen Reynolds among others—took the floor in behalf of the incumbent; commendation of Roselli brought applause reminiscent of a presidential rally.

Councilman Robert Norton first moved that all offers and communications on the subject be laid aside and a call issued for bids. The motion was lost in the shuffle—a two-hour talkfest got under way. At the conclusion, Roselli emerged with a renewal of his contract for one year at a premium of four hundred fifty dollars, his work to be carried out in accordance with "regulations the Council might impose."

Other matters taken up at the meeting included:

Taxes: Carmel Business Association through correspondence, recommended that city taxes be made payable in two instalments (a proposal which has been before the Council on several previous occasions). Finance Committee to investigate and report.

Insurance:—Mayor Catlin announced that the matter of re-writing the city's insurance policies into one general coverage would be taken up definitely at the July meeting.

Zoning: George L. Wood protested reopening of the Old Cabin Inn under provisions of the zoning ordinance regarding continuity of usage. A debate

——————*continued on page two*

PROCLAMATION

Whereas the National Clean Up and Paint Up Campaign has resulted in many advantages to community life throughout the United States,

In safeguarding Health;
In promoting Thrift;
In furthering Fire Prevention;
In stimulating Civic Pride; and
In making the "Home and City Beautful";

Now, Therefore, Be it known that plans have been perfected for a thorough Clean Up and Paint Up Campcampaign in Carmel starting June thirteenth, this date to mark the opening of a real campaign of persistent and constructive effort in cleaning up and keeping it up. In this worthy movement of cleaning, painting, planting, repairing and general rehabilitation and beautification we urge each citizen to do her best part to make our community clean, healthy, thrifty, safe and beautiful.

JOHN CATLIN
Mayor of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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COUNCIL *from page one*

ensued between Mrs. Anna L. Sheets, owner of the property, and Mr. Wood as to the material dates—a question of fact which remained unsettled. (The Inn re-opened last night as "Girard's.")

Sanitation: Request from a property owner beyond the city limits for permission to connect with the sewer system revived the ancient question of "inside-outside" rights, privileges and what-not. Referred to Commissioner of Health for report.

Staff: An ordinance confirming the reduction of salaries and wages paid city employees, as reported last week, was given first reading.

Officers and employees who will be affected by the reduction, if the ordinance passes on second reading, are: City judge (concurrently deputy license and tax collector), city attorney, chief of police and two other police officers, the street superintendent. At the same time workmen of the street department will be placed on a five-day week at daily wages, equivalent to a reduction of income by more than sixteen per cent.

Town Hall: Owners of the quarters now occupied by the town offices voluntarily offered to reduce the monthly rental from ninety to seventy-five dollars and tendered a refund on June rent.

Trees: Commissioner of Streets Kellogg reported that Birney Adams has declined the Council's offer of fifty dollars for a survey and report on the condition of Carmel trees, but was willing to give the benefit of his forestry experience without charge.

Fire Ordinance: No action was taken last night in connection with the threatened move to repeal the recently enacted "fire prevention" ordinance.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

Casualty insurance coverage for Sunset School is being considered by the Board of Trustees and was a matter of discussion at their regular monthly meeting held last Tuesday evening. Various proposals are now being studied by the Board.

At Tuesday's meeting Edward G. Kuster presented a letter protesting against rental of the school auditorium in competition with privately-owned halls. Mr. Kuster's action, as explained by himself, was dictated by a desire to have his views made a matter of record at this time, but does not imply opposition to the Board's current commitments in regard to the auditorium.

A POET AND THE COLOR LINE

"From Rocaial to Proletarian Poetry" was the subject of Langston Hughes' lecture a week ago at the Community Theatre.

Beginning with his early boyhood, the young negro poet told of his own struggles for an education, his year in Columbia University, and experiences as a seaman. Interspersing the narrative, he read excerpts of his earlier poetry—familiar negro forms. During his wanderings Hughes studied his own people and their various problems. He found that even in Haiti and Africa were prejudices which make for a color line. This truth was finally brought home to him summed up in his own words:

"Nowhere in the world do negroes have power over their own destiny." Hughes returned to America and graduated from Lincoln Univesity. During this time he wrote his novel, "Not Without Laughter." In 1925 he won the Opportunity Prize in poetry with his poem "Weary Blues" and while working as a bus boy in New York had a meeting with Vachel Linsday who furthered the young poet's career. Of Booker T. Washington he said: "He belonged to the school of opportunists; what he was able to do was by making half statements and compromises." Hughes determined not to do this. He began to realize that the racial question was not only one of the black race but was deeply embedded in the economic question of all people.

Noel Sullivan added to the evening by singing three "spirituals" and three folk songs. He was accompanied by Elizabeth Alexander.

After the lecture there was an open forum and questions were answered. Ella Winter, chairman, announced that Mr. Hughes will leave shortly for Russia where he has been invited to play a part in a negro cinema which is to be produced there.

CALL FOR MUSICIANS

Mrs. Susie Pipes, founder of the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet, Michel Penha, director and 'cellist, Abraham Weiss, first violinist and Hubert Sorenson, second violin, have taken up residence at the Highlands preparatory to their series of concerts in Carmel.

First try-outs for the amateur orchestra, to play in conjunction with the Quartet at the second concert, will be held in the Denny-Watrous Gallery next Tuesday evening. Violins, violas, 'cellos, oboes, French horn and double bass are needed.

MARTIN FLAVIN ON HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood, always on the look-out for "names," spied in 1929 a name that was making theatrical history on Broadway. A playwright who until then had had only one or two indifferent successes in the capital, suddenly flowered into having three plays on the Great White Way at the same time. Whenever he went into a restaurant or club the cry went up, and necks craned to see, "Martin Flavin."

After the run of "The Criminal Code" and "Broken Dishes," Flavin wanted to get away for a holiday to Europe; but the movies wouldn't let him. "They offered me so much money at last," the playwright tells, "That I couldn't afford to refuse." So he got a contract calling for six months work a year in the movie capital and he settled in his cubby-hole at Metro-Goldwyn. He worked on dialogue for prison and other talking pictures, "Ladies of the Big House," "A Farewell to Arms" and others.

Now he has returned to his home at the Highlands, and is full of stories about Hollywood. He wants to tell his neighbors about it, not in a spirit of carping criticism (as do so many highbrows) but simply as a reporter.

The John Reed Club for its own nefarious purposes has arranged this informal talk by Martin Flavin on Sunday evening, June twelfth, at eight-fifteen in the Greenroom of the Community Theatre. There will be questions and discussion after the talk, and Mr. Flavin declares himself ready to answer any intelligent questions. Admission will be twenty-five cents.

—ELLA WINTER

CARMEL STUDENTS IN HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"Hobsen's Choice," a humorous old English play, although not a farce, will be presented at eight-ten tonight (Thursday) and Saturday. It will be staged in the old gym and is being sponsored and presented by the Senior Class of the Monterey Union High School. Carmel seniors have many parts in this play. Among them are Henry Hasty, who takes the lead, Nadine Fox, Wiott Rankin, and Catherine Murphy. The play will be in costume and under the general supervision of Ann Norwood, dramatic instructor of the high school. All of those who wish to see an interesting play worked out by students, and also support the high school, should attend this play—"Hobsen's Choice."

—J. S.

NEXT IN LINE AT THE COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

The residents of Carmel may think that they have little to learn about naughty wives and their ways, but next week will prove that *"all"* has not been said on this subject. The Carmel Community Players, under the direction of Cyril Delevanti, are presenting "The Naughty Wife," an amusing, clever little comedy, at their Playhouse on the evenings of June sixteenth to nineteenth. The triangle, of course, with the "naughty" little blonde wife, the busy author and another man, is the motif of the design. On the triangle other lines and angles are placed and every angle has laugh lines. The playwright, incidentally, has found a new angle to work on, in squaring his triangle. And if that sounds mixed, it is only a forerunner of what Eloise, in the person of Mary Marble Henderson, Hilary, played by Peter Stuart Burk, and Derek, as By Ford interprets him, serve up for the delectation of Carmel audiences in "The Naughty Wife."

Also appearing in "The Naughty Wife" are Marion Todd and Adolph Hanke, who, with Mary Marble Henderson and By Ford, will be remembered as part of the reason for the success of "Chicago" which was produced by the Abalone League a short time ago.

Other members of the cast of the current Carmel Community Players presentation are Milton Latham, Stella Staford Mather and John Sandholdt.

Cyril Delevanti, the director of "The Naughty Wife," returns to Carmel after several seasons' absence, during which time he has played with Richard Bennett in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and more recently with Nance O'Neill in "The Passion Flower." His name is linked in Carmel's memory with the excellent production of "Grumpy," in which he played the title part.

—M. H.

BRINGING LATE DRAMA TO CALIFORNIA

During the summer Edward Kuster, whose informal play-readings were much enjoyed last season, will give a new series of popular-priced readings in a number of cities and towns in the Central California district.

Six late New York and London successes will be read, to be chosen from the following list, "Cavalcade," by Noel Coward; "The House of Connelly," by Paul Green; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by R. Besier; "Mrs. Moonlight," by Benn W. Levy; "The Left Bank," by Elmer Rice; "No More Frontier," by Talbot Jennings "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill; "Distant Drums," by Dan Totheroh; and "Springtime for Henry," by Benn W. Levy.

Arrangements are now being made for the series on the Peninsula, and dates will be announced shortly.

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PETER STUART BURK
MARIAN TODD
BY FORD
STELLA MATHER
MILTON LATHAM
JOHN SANDHOLDT
AD HANKE

Directed by CYRIL DELEVANTI

Carmel Community Playhouse

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THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN ——— *Editor and Publisher*
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Lincoln Steffens---*continued*

Austin Lewis was here on Sunday. Talking of the depression, and the crisis that led up to it, and the age of this regular, ever-repeated phenonema, he sang an old English song from about the ninth century:

The miller, he stole corn;
The weaver, he stole yarn;
Then there was the little tailor with the broadcloth under his arm.
The miller was smothered in his corn;
The weaver was hanged in his yarn;
And the devil ran away with the little tailor,
With the broadcloth under his arm.

¶

Martin Flavin came to lunch and we got him going on Hollywood. His account of his experiences there is the most rounded, penetrating and understanding picture I have ever got of that significant place. He knows what it means, he realizes that it is the cradle of an infant art and his judgment of its failures is convincing and just.

¶

You should hear Martin Flavin talk with his brutally honest, straight-seeing realism of Hollywood. He says he will do it for the town if we want him to, but the art-for-art-sakers will fare no better than the box office movie people. The artists who think that there is not born or bearable an art better and bigger than the old art of painting, music, and poetry, they will look, even if they don't feel, like innocent by-standers after the mob and the cops have moved on. Martin Flavin regards tact somewhat as they regard the true and the beautiful.

¶

The "Christian Science Monitor" reports an address to the Chicago City Club by the young president of Commonwealth College which runs at a cost of five thousand dollars a year. And gives for that to some seventy students and teacher, room board, education. The students pay thirteen dollars a month tuition and work four hours a day each. The college, which is in the Ozark Mountains, at Mena, Arkansas, has for its purpose "to train leaders for a new social order." Not expecting much help from the rich, the founders set out to do the job alone. They bought three hundred twenty acres and in nine years have built a community of twenty-four buildings. Everybody gets up at six a.m. Classes begin at seven and study goes on till noon. Afternoons all sorts of industrial labor goes on till five. Then supper, fun, reading, games. "The curriculum revolves around the social sciences, labor law, labor education, labor organization, labor journalism and includes related subjects, such as Marxian philosophy, history, foreign affairs, current events and commercial studies. Each candidate for entrance must plan to spend his career in the special field to which the college is devoted."

¶

One often sees in the "Monitor" news missed, for some reason, in other newspapers. I used to know the editor; and he knew the reason why you saw it in his paper and did not see it in his competitor's papers. And it was not because they did not all have it. So do I, an ex-make-up man once myself, I know the reason.

¶

Editors who say that they make the kind of a paper their readers like are mistaken. They make the paper they like. Movie makers, who are excused and who defend themselves by talking box-office, create images of their own secret souls. That's tough on all of us, but stick to this and you'll not often go wrong; we all have more sincerity than we have intelligence, more taste than good taste. It is an honest world, this world of men; no matter how crooked it looks; and that's what's the matter with it. Men's deeds are not only more expressive of them, they are truly better than their ideals.

¶

In most places, where a man is dejected and discouraged down town, he can go only home and get licked by his wife and children. In Carmel he can loiter and rest in the garden where the flowers smile and agree with him; if he can understand flowers.

¶

Any problem that the good people take a moral interest in cannot be honestly solved. Drink, for example. We must have temperance, and we were achieving it slowly by propaganda and by force of economic pressure. Employers were requiring it. But the moral folks became numerous and united enough to call the cops and pass a law. The impatient Eighteenth Amendment was one result; another was the corruption of the judges and the enormous increase of the power of the underworld. Of course, some laws are unenforceable. Some good things have to be done by the churches, not by politicians and policemen. Unenforced, the liquor laws developed a contempt for all law which is persuading voters gradually to repeal the Amendment. That is the issue, not temperance but the law. There is no temperance propaganda, no temperance movement, no solution of the problem offered or asked for—the drink problem. It's the dry's fault. They should study that problem in its new speakeasy form and be ready with a substitute for prohibition. Why not try taxation of the liquor and brewery business and so learn how to deal with any harmful corrupting business without moral prohibition? The reason why not is because the prohibitionists can think and feel only in moral terms.

¶

An inspiring thought it is to think that the people who think fifty years hence what we think now will be thought to be funny old dodos.

SHERIDAN *vs.* STEFFENS

You are a queer cuss Mister Steffens. I can't quite make you out. I can't quite grasp your view on politics. I am wondering if you are pro-Hoover, anti-Hoover; or just plain in-the-middle-of-the-stream-Hoover. I fear it is the latter and that you are afraid the good old Republican elephant, with its shaky legs, might topple over if you and a few thousand others slipped off its back and enjoyed a nice refreshing bath.

It is remarkable how many voters who, up to now, loved water, thought it the only beverage fit to drink, legally, have suddenly taken the mad dog attitude toward it, and froth at the mouth when one mentions streams, rivers and horses and wet feet. Yes, and snarl and snap at you.

Still again, Mister Steffens, sir: there is a something telling me that you might be pro-anti-Hoover; or, anti-pro-Hoover. Which is it? Come on, tell us. Pour out your troubled soul into the lap of The Carmelite and ease our anxiety.

Lincoln Steffens a Hooverite! Impossible. Maybe not impossible, for Lincoln is drawing royalties—kingly royalties; and we all know what Royalty thinks of Democracies.

—FRANK SHERIDAN

Barter—Then and Now

by MATTHEW M. MURPHY, *erstwhile Carmel resident, apropos the local barter experiment*:

In the part of Virginia where I was brought up, barter prevailed to a very large extent until the beginning of the Civil War; during those four awful years the people had nothing to exchange and each family had to rely on its own resources.

In the period from Colonial times to the Civil War this is the way the system functioned:

In each community there was a blacksmith who supplied all the iron-work needed; a wheelwright who made and repaired vehicles; a shoemaker who could measure a foot and give a perfect fit; a tanner who supplied the leather; a weaver who wove cloth for those who aspired to something better than homespun; a cabinet-maker who supplied furniture from local material; a cooper who made tubs, barrels, buckets and many household articles even to spoons. There was a "grist mill" to grind the farmers' grain and a saw-mill to supply such lumber as was needed, although most of the houses were built of logs. I must not omit one very important unit to be found in each community (but of course it would be out of place in Carmel) that is, the distillery. The distiller bought the farmers' surplus grain and turned it into whisky.

There was very little money in the country so whisky was used as a medium of exchange. Whiskey, flour, bacon and livestock were the only articles shipped out of the community, but, by no means, was all the whisky sent away.

There was usually one or more stores that exchanged such articles that could not be produced locally, but these were bartered for local products.

The farmers fed everyone, and took manufactured articles in exchange for food. A bushel of corn was the wage for an ordinary day's labor; a bushel of wheat in harvest time.

Once a year, about the first of September, the cattle buyers made their apparance. Banks and checks were unknown and the people were suspicious of paper money, so these men had to use gold and silver which they carried with them in saddle bags. These drovers as stock men were called, went through country paying down a small amount for each animal bought. The cattle were left with the owner until the drover returned with his herd.

Even education was on the barter list. The teacher boarded around among the families who supplied the pupils for his school. He took his pay in such articles as his patrons produced.

Wealth and poverty were unknown. But, of course, the life we led would be regarded as very barren these days. Tallow candles made at home furnished our only means of illumination, newspapers were rare, books and magazines were unknown. We heard of railroads but they were hundreds of miles away. Roads were impassable the greater part of the year. A party or two at Christmas or a dance on a puncheon floor was the only amusement except an occasional hanging or the coming of John Robinson's Circus once a year. To get circus money the boys would hike to the woods to dig ginseng, one of the very few articles that could be sold for cash; the hangings were free and drew large crowds.

You will see by this time that real barter is not a very simple affair.

* * *

Another correspondent writes:

The Barter Bureau for Carmel, is functioning, although but slowly. It finds a great amount of private "swapping" going on between different individuals. This is of course being something of a relief to the economic situation, because of the really large amount of it.

The Barter Bureau, however, is sure that while the field of direct exchange seems to be measureably covered, that the bureau may be helpful to effect this barter in a more indirect way through the establishment of credits to be used when an opportunity arises. For example, if Mr. X has soil or fertilizer for which he finds no cash market, he can tell the Barter Bureau that he wishes to realize in some way on let us say, ten dollars worth. The Barter Bureau establishes a credit for him to this amount. At this time, there may be nothing listed which he wants, but his credit being established something comes in later and the exchange is effected.

Mrs. A. rents a house to Dr. Z. who is back with his rent. Dr. Z. has not been paid for his medical services to Carpenter C. Through the bureau, it is found that Mrs. A. needs carpenter work, which Dr. B. does not. So the carpenter does Mrs. A.'s work, thus extinguishing his debt in whole or in part to Dr. B. who then is able to apply this amount to his rent bill.

The Barter Bureau is very anxious to be used thus in the establishment of credits, which after a little time may begin to revolve and lessen the pressure for cash payments.

The Barter Bureau sees the comedy of this return to more primitive ways and does not resent the laughter which the jocose treatment of its project received lately in a Carmel paper. But it hopes the novelty and humor of the situation will not blind the community to what may be a real chance to help itself. No one profits by the establishment of the Bureau except those who may be able to make a satisfactory exchange of commodities or services not otherwise marketable at present. Come in and tell us what you have and also what are your most urgent wants. Because Carmel is not an industrial town, the resources for barter are rather limited; but granting our limitations, much may nevertheless be done.

Our Local Prophet; or Six Jumps Ahead of the Procession

From MOSES IN RED *by* LINCOLN STEFFENS; (*Dorrance*, 1926):

In Revolutions, in wars and in all such disorganizing, fear-spreading crisis in human affairs, nations tend to return to the first, the simplest, and perhaps the best form of government: a dictatorship. . . .

A dictatorship is neither red nor white, good nor bad—it is a natural development out of a situation in which a people is so frightened that it huddles back into the herd state. . . .

Liberty is a state of freedom which, related in some way to the state of the public mind, increases in some ratio with the general sense of security and decreases in some similar ratio with the general sense of danger—regardless of man-made laws and soul-felt idealism.

From a speech by OWEN D. YOUNG *at Notre Dame University last Sunday*:

"Our democratic government, for its own protection, has from the beginning insisted on sharply delegated powers, with adequate checks and balances, lest the sovereign yoke we threw off in the revolution reappear to destroy our political liberty.

"It is quite explainable, therefore, that a government of powers widely distributed into carefully segregated and insulated compartments *should function under normal conditions and should fail us altogether when the avalanche comes on.*

"It may be that we shall have to consider some method of putting extraordinary powers in the hands of the *President in times like these.*"

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RICHARD BUHLIG

Due to engagements in the South, Richard Buhlig will not be able to play in the Denny-Watrous Gallery as announced for next Saturday evening. He will, however, be here to lecture on Bach's "The Art of the Fugue," on Wednesday evening, June fifteenth, and will play the work on Saturday evening, June eighteenth, with Wesley Kuhnle at the second piano. The lecture on Wednesday evening is without admission charge.

From Los Angeles, Pauline G. Schindler writes:

I have just now for the ninth time heard Richard Buhlig and Wesley Kuhnle play together "The Art of the Fugue," written in the last year of his life by Johann Sebastian Bach.

I shall hear it as many times again as it is to be heard. It is a work of such depth and dimension that it requires of the listener a slow, a repeated, a remembering, contemplation.

In Los Angeles Buhlig gave this winter four concert performances of the work. It is natural to ask how, in Los Angeles, there can be four audiences of sufficient quality to match with their listening a work of this stature. The answer is, that many wished to come more than once, and did. To hear the work was to break prison of the self and enter the nature of things, as Jeffers has said possible. It was to hear as specific, an articulate, a fundamental affirmation.

What the hearing of this music did to people was the remarkable thing. Sitting quietly in corners at rehearsals, this and that listener experienced, so each privately told me, music as never before, profoundly and at the core of being, in the very roots.

Buhlig has a fortunate power. He can establish the music and its essential quality, take his audience with him into it, long before sound itself begins. The room was quietly alive with the peace of their rapport within the grave beauty of that established mood. Relaxed, intent, in a great joy and peace, the audience entered this music.

And it was long after the sound ceased, that they stirred. Long, in the same relaxed positions, they sat, unconscious of themselves or their neighbors. Did they applaud? Did they watch the artists leave the room? I do not even know. Slowly, slowly, we awakened out of the music.

Upon the artists themseuves, who have lived with this work (a gigantic labor) for so many weeks and months, the impress is definite and visible. Buhlig becomes, Buhlig is, the music. The younger pianist, who once was timid, has forgotten himself; he is transfigured; there is a light set within him.

And with reason. For to live intimately with the music of "The Art of the Fugue," its nineteen separate fugues woven upon one monumental, supremely simple theme, is to sit at the right hand of God the Father, god of the hosts of the interstellar spaces.

CARMEL LINK WITH NOTED BOOK

Two new books added to the library this week have an interesting history connected with Carmel. When Ella Winter went to Russia last year she read M. Ilin's "New Russia Primer" on the boat and was struck with its charming and simple style, as were other readers, for it was a Book of the Month selection. Asking in Russia for other work by this gifted young author she found he had written many children's books all on scientific subjects in very simple terms. She sought out Ilin and had a long talk with him on one of his rare visits to Moscow from his home in Leningrad. In Ella Winter's words:

"He is a sad-faced, large-eyed young man in the early thirties, very ill with tuberculosis. An engineer by profession, he still lectures and does research in one of the big laboratories in Leningrad. He writes his children's books under the guidance of his elder brother Marshak, a poet and also a gifted writer of children's books who heads a school in Leningrad for the writing of children's books. The three of us consulted as to which would be the best of Ilin's books to translate, and decided on 'What Time is It' and 'Black on White' —the stories of how time was told before there were clocks and the history of writing from earliest times. I asked Mrs. Kinkead of Palo Alto, then in Moscow (she lectured recently in Carmel) to translate the books, sent them to Ernestine Evans, head of the department of Children's Books at J. B. Lippincott, and the books were promptly accepted. They are Junior Literary Guild Selections."

There is more to the story. Discovering that Ilin had received a very small share of the royalities due him on the Primer, Miss Winter enlisted the help and indignaton of Maurice Hindus, Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of "The Nation," and Walter Duranty, correspondent of the New York "Times." As a result of telegrams and threats of publicity, an additional thousand dollars was placed to Ilin's credit in a foreign bank which enabled him to go abroad for treatment. He is now in a sanatorium in the Black Forest, writing the story of electricity for children.

LIBRARY NEWS NOTES

by HORTENSE BERRY, *Librarian*

The response of our friends to the announcement regarding magazines stolen from the Library has been most encouraging. We have had gifts of money, copies of several of the missing magazines, and even subscriptions. It is good to see that for every unappreciative citizen there are three who are more than willing to do their share.

At the annual meeting of the California Library Association which was recently held in Santa Barbara an important step was taken regarding the certification of librarians in California. Four years of college and one year of library school training will be required henceforth for professional recognition. The School of Librarianship at the University of California only will give this training until the demand warrants the establishment of a second school in the southern part of the state. Correspondence and short courses will be open only to those already in library work, who have never had opportunity for study.

This step was prompted by a survey made in 1930 by the Bureau of Public Administration of the University of California for the California Library Association, which showed a complete absence of uniformity in the educational requirements for and classification of library positions. It was found that the average salary of teachers with five years training was $2569, while that for library workers with the same educational qualifications was $1709.26. Before any concerted action to correct this obvious injustice could be launched it was therefore agreed that certain definite standards must be set for those taking up library work. It is expected that the Survey of California Public Libraries now being made under the auspices of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco will be of great assistance in awakening the public to the need of providing their communities with the very best in library service as well as schools.

The following new books have been added to the Library:

Non-fiction:
Atherton: Adventures Of a Novelist
Bradford: Saints and Sinners
Foraker: I Would Live It Again
Frothingham: Trails Through the Golden West
Jones: A Preface to Christian Faith in a New Age
Russell: Song and Its Fountains
Thomas: As I See It
Trotsky: The History of the Russian Revolution, v. I, The Overthrow of Tzarism
Miller: The Independent Theatre in Europe
Taft: Japan and America
Sherwood: Reunion in Vinena
Wright, F. L.: An Autobiography

Fiction:
Barretto: Children of Pleasure
Bennett, A.: Stroke of Luck
Beresford: The Old People
Buck: The Young Revolutionist
Landi: House For Sale
McCall: The Goldfish Bowl. (Lindbergh's experiences woven into a story)
Rowland: Many Mansions.
Royde-Smith: The Mother
Sabatini: The Black Swan
Simpson: Boomerang
Sinclair: The Wet Parade
Small: Three Rich Men
Willoughby: Spawn of the North

County Books:
Ackerman: George Eastman
Allen: Adventurous Americans
Atherton: Adventures of a Novelist
Barton: He Upset the World (A study of St. Paul)
Carswell: Life of Robert Burns
Davenport: Mozart
Donham: Business Looks at the Unforseen
Estabrook: Givers of Life (A study of the American Indian)
Fairlie: County Government and Administration
Frank: Thunder and Dawn
Frankfurter: Mr. Justice Holmes and the Constitution
Gallishaw: Twenty Problems of the Fiction Writer
Gilfillen: Sheep
Haldane: Possible Worlds and Other Papers
Hawks: Romance of Transport
Hindus: Broken Earth
Howard: The Insect Menace
Leonard: Ask Me Again
Lloyd George: The Truth About Reparations and War Debts.
O'Brien: English-Russian Dictionary
Martin: Conflict of the Individual and the Mass in the Modern World
Peden: Newsreel Man
Rogers: Letters From a Self-made Diplomat to His President
Scheffler: Holland
Shreve: The Cactus and Its Home
Thomson: Outline of Natural History
Wells: Technique of the Mystery Story
Woods: Story of Uncle Sam's Money
Zanzig: Music in American Life
Zeitlin: Types of Poetry
Villiers: Vanished Fleets

HAROLD BAUER'S FIRST CLASS IN THE WEST

(*From Mills College Press Service*)

Harold Bauer, one of the greatest pianists in the world, will conduct his first class on the Pacific Coast in the summer session of the School of Music at Mills College. That Bauer is acknowledged to be as great a teacher as he is a concert artist is evidenced in the heavy filing of registration applications which followed the announcement of his engagement. Only thirty applicants will be accepted for the course which will include ten three-hour lectures with demonstrations, to be given from June twentieth to July eighth.

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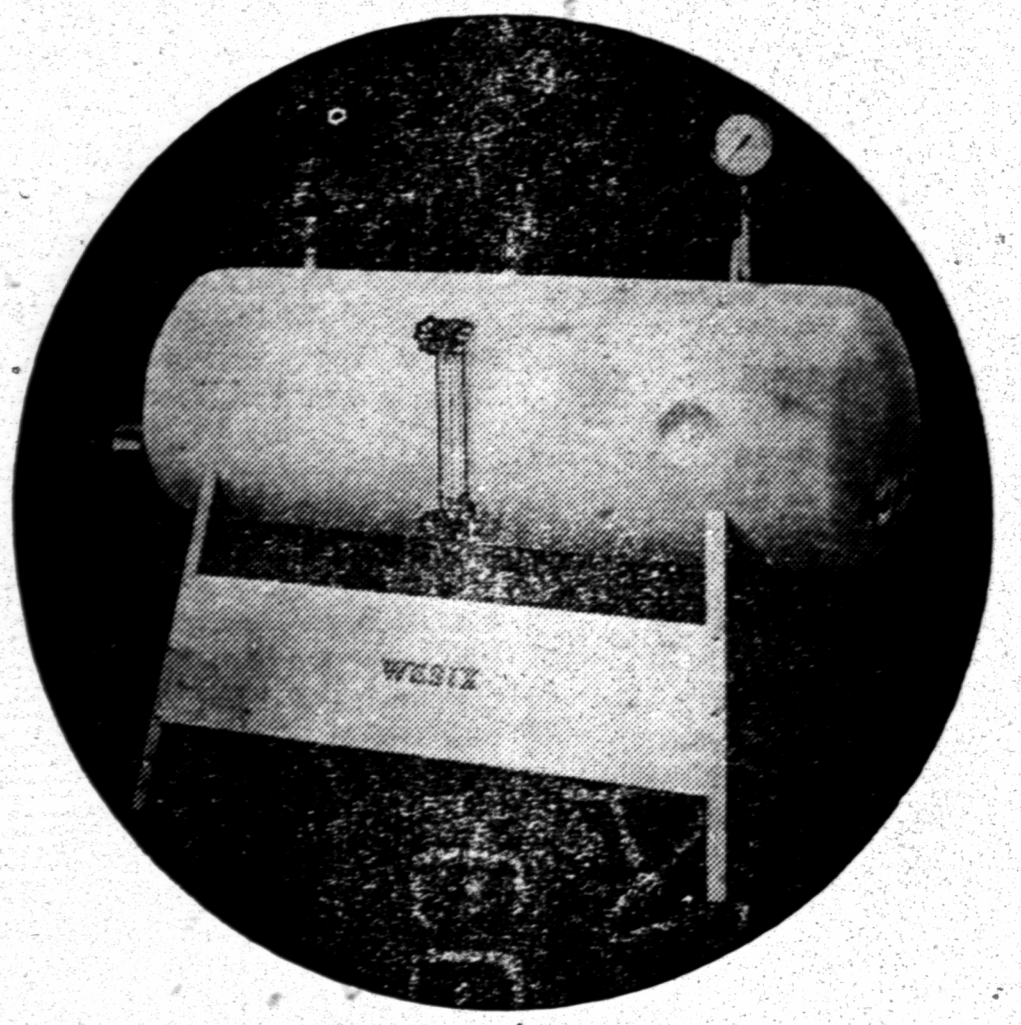
JOHN REED CLUB OF CARMEL
MARTIN FLAVIN
ON
"HOLLYWOOD"
FOLLOWED BY QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSION
SUNDAY, JUNE 12th 8:15 P. M.
GREENROOM OF CARMEL COMMUNITY THEATRE
CASANOVA STREET ADMISSION 25c

DAIRYMEN



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CALIFORNIA dairymen are rapidly bringing their sterilizing equipment up to date so that they may command better prices for higher quality products. To accomplish this end, successful dairymen are installing the WESIX Steam Boiler.

This electrically operated boiler is the ideal steam generator to use with sterilizing equipment on large dairy farms. It produces quick, low-pressure steam and an abundance of hot water. Unlike boilers using other fuels, the WESIX Electric may be installed in your milk room. The result is a saving in labor and time. The use of this high-efficiency boiler also safeguards dairy profits by reducing bacteria count to a minimum.

For as little as $12.50 down a Wesix Steam Boiler will be delivered to you complete, including insulation, pressure gauge, safety valve, water glass, and automatic electric cut-out. To increase your dairy profits as others are doing, take advantage of this special offer before it is withdrawn June 15, 1932. For complete details, get in touch with a Rural Power Representative through our nearest office.

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JEFFERS' BUST COMES HOME

The proud bust of Robinson Jeffers that Jo Davidson so enjoyed making when he was out here just two years ago, has come to Carmel for good.

The sculptor, knowing that the work of his hands was a triumph, sang and danced while he made it, and he carried it off with him to New York and Paris, had it cast in bronze and showed it for what it is: the head of the poet; a noble replica of an inspired man who sees and says daily what nature shows him day by day. There is no agony in it, either of the poet or of the sculptor; no doubts, no sweat, no rest. Jeffers does not lie around waiting for the voice to speak, and Jo Davidson does not yearn either. That poet sings, as the stone-mason he is also, builds, like a bird; its all in the day's work. Only the bird he resembles is the eagle; as the powerful worker in clay noticed and put in bronze forever. For the bust by Jo Davidson sets the form in which Robinson Jeffers will be seen when the stone-mason is beyond photography.

The splendid thing was acutely appreciated among the readers of bronze in France, New York, London and here too. Friends of the Jeffers set out to raise a fund to buy it for the family. Something happened, as we all know, so Jo Davidson packed up the precious gift and sent it to the Jeffers who have it now in Tor House; and are just a little proud of it, as Jo Davidson is and as Carmel may well be. —E. W.

TREES

A California Trees Photographic Competition is announced under the auspices of the Garden Club of America. Awards ranging from one hundred dollars to twenty-five dollars will be made for the best photographic studies of trees growing in California. The object of the competition and exhibit is to stimulate interest in trees as a characteristic feature of the California landscape, and to encourage their preservation; to perpetuate through outstanding examples of photographic art something of the beauty and spiritual appeal of trees, whether standing as individuals or massed in forests. Photographs submitted will be exhibited at the de Young Museum, San Francisco, from September twenty-first to October twenty-first. Awards will be announced October seventh. Noel Sullivan of Carmel and San Francisco, is a jury member.

The competition is open to any person, amateur or professional, without restriction. Further information may be obtained from the Save-the-Redwoods League, 114 Sansome Street, San Francisco.